

[Communicated.]

Mrs. Abbie S. Anthony.

Seven years ago, when Rev. George N. Anthony came to reside in Peabody as Pastor of the South Church, his wife was in feeble health, and her unremitting devotion to her sick babe, in addition to ordinary family cares, necessarily absorbed her time and strength; yet, even then, her winning presence and affectionate consideration for others drew all hearts to her. When, after a few months, the tender mother had borne her little one to the brink of the river, and the good Shepherd had hidden the lamb in His bosom, those who were just making her acquaintance were astonished at the energy with which our new pastor's wife gathered up every capability of benevolent action, and radiated a healthful Christian influence all around her.

For years a dyspeptic, our friend possessed a wonderful buoyancy of spirits, and was therefore an invaluable helpmeet to her husband amid the trials incident to his vocation; and during the year his labors were interrupted by a disheartening illness, we believe the stimulus of her cheerful courage was a more potent invigorator than the physicians could have prescribed. Physically frail, Mrs. Anthony was by nature and by inheritance strong in every other direction; and her capacities were developed and refined by companionship from her infancy with the noblest types of Christian culture. Her keen perceptions and her good-natured sprightliness gave a charm to her conversation; and though she always expressed her opinions without reserve, the pervading benevolence of her disposition disarmed her wit of the power to wound.

What our dear, lamented friend was in her family, we reverently leave to her bereaved husband and orphaned children to cherish in their hearts as a precious legacy, to whose value we trust their lives will testify. To the church and parish with which she was connected, we would bear testimony that she seemed to us a model pastor's wife. Her Bible Class in the Sunday School, numbering some forty or fifty ladies, has accounted her ministrations from week to week an invaluable privilege, and in that, as in other departments of her untiring Christian activity, we scarce shall look upon her like again.

At the Essex South Conference, last autumn, Mrs. Anthony was nominated as the President of the Conference Woman's Missionary Society, and was elected with an enthusiasm dampened only by the precarious state of her health, it being the universal feeling that she was eminently qualified to grace that position. A few years since, amid her multifarious cares, our friend read to an audience of ladies an entertaining story she had written to aid a benevolent enterprise, and from the small admission fee a handsome sum was realized for the object. At the ladies' weekly prayer meeting and missionary meeting, the clear, rich tones of her voice pleading with the Father, in whose presence she seemed ever to abide, will linger with a hallowed sweetness in the memories of all who were thus associated with her.

Not only to the more public institutions of Christian benevolence was the heart and the purse of our beloved sister ever open, but her ready hands have ministered to uncounted individuals among the suffering, the unfortunate and the poor, besides the numberless delicate courtesies her quick sympathies were always bestowing. Many hearts, besides her home circle and more familiar friends, feel bereaved by her removal.

The mournful stillness of the large assembly gathered in the storm to pay the last offices of affection to one honored and beloved as a Mother in Israel, the bowed heads, the tearful eyes, the subdued voices recalling the promises, suggesting the consolations, invoking the presence, and singing the praises of the divine Comforter, bore testimony to the womanly strength and beauty of her whose departure in the ripeness of her Christian excellence and usefulness our people so deeply lament. It remains for us to emulate her faith, her hope, her charity; and, as she did, to work in our Master's vineyard while the day lasts.

On Friday forenoon, at half-past ten o'clock, solemn and impressive funeral services were held at the South Church. The remains, encased in a rosewood casket, rested in front of the pulpit. The casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes provided by the Sunday School class, which Mrs. A. had taught, and by other loving friends from near and distant places. The pulpit was beautifully decorated with rose buds and smilax. The silver plate on the casket bore this inscription:

Abbie Stuart Anthony,
Died
March 14, 1876.

The services were opened by Beethoven's "Farewell" on the organ, and singing by the choir of the sentence, "I heard a voice from Heaven." Rev. Mr. Carpenter, of Rockville, read portions of Scripture. The hymn, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," was sung, and remarks were offered by Rev. C. B. Rice, of Danvers, who paid a feeling tribute to the character of the deceased. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. McIntire, of Gloucester, after which the choir sang the hymn, "There is rest for the weary." The services closed by a benediction by Rev. Mr. McIntire. A last look at the face of the departed was taken, and the remains were then conveyed to Andover in the 11.45 train, where funeral services were held at the residence of Prof. Phelps.

Prof. Park, who had performed like service at the funerals of the parents and sisters of Mrs. Anthony, read Scripture selections, and led the company in a prayer of great tenderness and fervor. When this service ended, the casket was borne to the family lot in the Seminary grounds, and dust consigned to dust to await the resurrection of the great day.